A.T.A.C.K

Angry Trannies* Against Cops and Kings

***and Dykes, Faggots, etc.**

It's All Us

"If we believe out loud, maybe we can be the ones we've been waiting for."

Issue 12 May 24

A Scene From an Average Street

A man in a white van sits in traffic waiting for the lights to change, playing his music loud enough for everyone to hear. Searching for distraction, he spots it across the street at the bus stop: A tranny!

Three-day stubble and a pretty dress! He must catalogue this moment. He tries to surreptitiously take a photo on his phone but the tranny notices. Oh no!

"You're confused, lad! Are you a man or a wom-an?!" The tranny does not respond. Just stares indignantly. But the lights have changed, so he has to leave without answers.

But it is of course the *tranny* who is confused, he reminds himself, trying to keep his eyes on the road.

I'm. Your. Problem.

Over forty thousand people, so many of them children, have been murdered by Israel. We don't know for sure how many because they killed the people who kept count.

But breaking windows to protest this is a problem.

The world is burning. Every year is hotter than the last. Temperatures are becoming unliveable in places where thousands, soon to be millions, live.

But blocking roads to protest this is a problem.

The police mobilise against refugees. They drag our friends into vans and try to fly them halfway around the world.

But confronting them to protest this is a problem.

You commit murder and call it a right to self-defence.

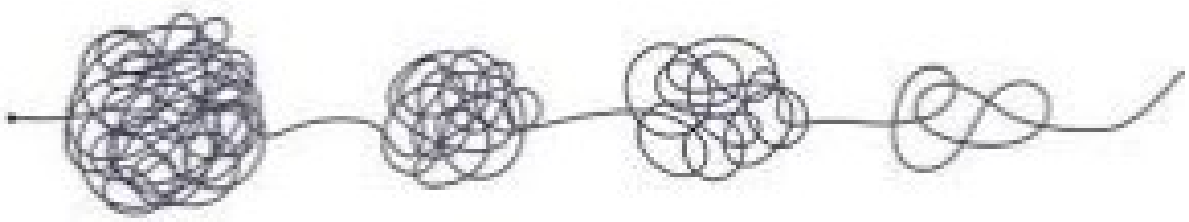
You burn the world and call it progress.

You abduct our neighbours and call it safety.

And you call me a huge problem to a sane world?

Where is this sane world? Would be nice to visit.

But you're right about one thing. I'm your problem.



So just fucking try to solve me.

Revisiting the Scene

Last week I wrote a tale
(Tongue firmly in my cheek)
Of a voyeuristic male
And a weirdo tranny freak.

But once is just a novelty.
Once won't spoil the mood
But a secong gawking cameraman
Is really fucking rude.

What went through your mind
As you raised that stupid lens?
"Never seen a tranny before! I gotta show my friends!"?

I shoulda smashed that fucking phone
Smashed that other fucker's too
Cause now I'm just too fucking mad
To even fucking rhyme.
Fuck you.

ARF, ARF, Motherfucker

Furries are fucking terrifying.
Well, not to me. To me they're cool and huggable. Queer and relatable. Fun and nerdy.

But to the Straights? Terrifying.

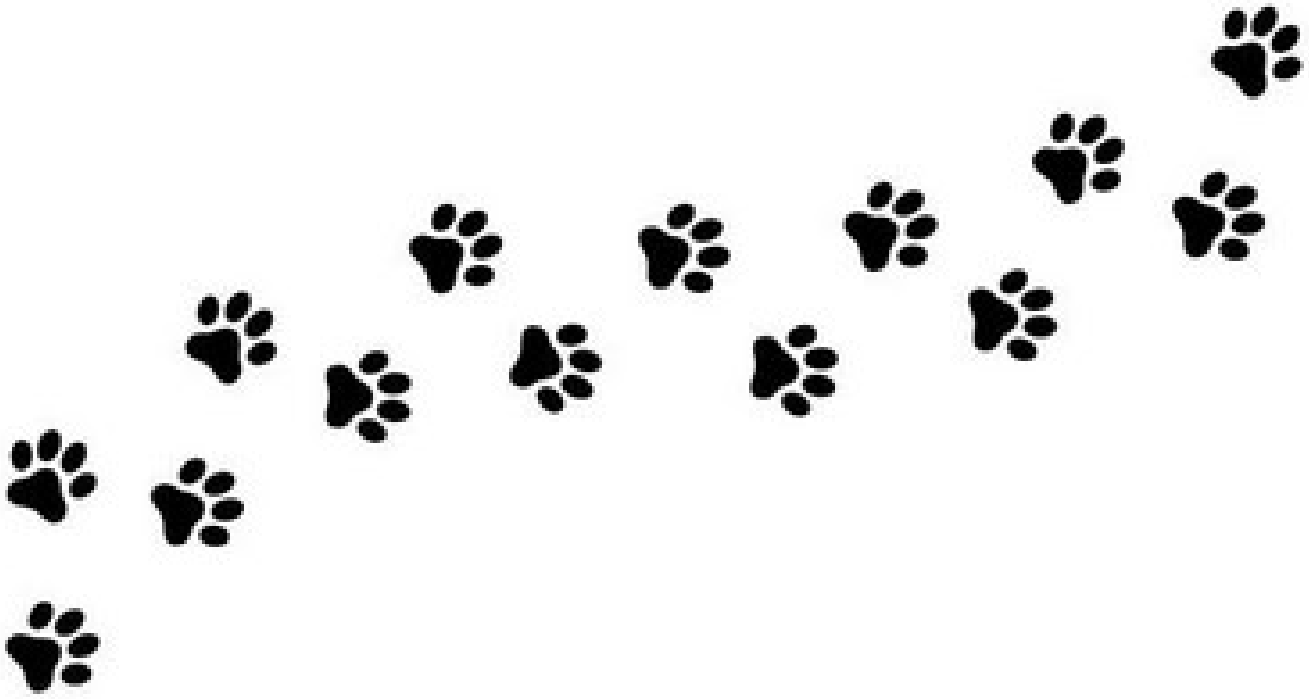
But what's so terrifying about playing about with your presentation, adopting a visage both alien and familiar, and asserting an identity of your own creation? Oh. Oh, yeah.

If you yourself are a cog in the machine, who has no identity but what you've had thrust upon you, us queers jamming up the gears must be a nightmare.

But fuck this machine. Fuck your preconceived notions about what we can be, what we must be. It never did me any good and it never did you either.

So I choose a life of freedom.

Arf, arf, etc., etc..



PAIN

PAIN
she's telling me she dreams of one day getting a hug without obligation
PAIN
she's crying and thanking me when I say I would do so more than happily
PAIN
she is not the only one who cries
from receiving expressions of simple affection.

PAIN
she's thanking me for actually asking how she feels
PAIN
she's crying when I have actually listened to the answer
PAIN
experiencing this is an aberration for her
knowing what she's feeling right now even a little bit.

PAIN
asking her what she would like and she's scared
PAIN
knowing why she's afraid to express her wants
PAIN
comprehending she hasn't let herself imagine wanting anything
knowing that she has understandable reason to lock wants away.

PAIN
knowing what it means for a person to be so starved for affection
PAIN
understanding basic decency is an aberration for her
PAIN
seeing she has been so hurt and abused
being with her when the little things are overwhelmingly too much.

not having a chance to treat her
like the incredible vibrant
beautiful woman she is before
the simplicity of "I thought of you" overwhelms and
tears overtake us
crying together through the pain of
the joy of the simple human experiences
before we even get beyond the little kindnesses.

the bar is in fucking hell and I know my pain doesn't
come close to matching hers.

PAIN
is far too much.

now I'm Angry.
but definitely not at her.

YOU KEEP IT IN

you stoke the forge and build your first tools
you use it, she tells you. that heat.
you use your first tools to build better tools
of your own design;

you find a name for the thing that you are
for the things that you do
for the feeling when the jackals close in

You keep it in.

let it lick out a safe amount in times of trouble
a scorching tongue of insult and derision
a release valve
Can't talk to you when you're like this
well
no That's the point, you walking corpse

you keep it in and sit under the trees
in calm moments think

I could detonate
turn my world to ash
and they wouldn't care.

You keep that in, too.

but it stokes the fires. past white hot
from anger to fury to rage

The Real Insurrection Was Within Us All Along

So many many calls for recruitment, proselytizing, and radicalization of the so called masses have been made. So many have put their faith into the teleological ideas around revolution, that all of „our" collective efforts will lead and have led to this one monumental effort to change the world. So many well-meaning people have spent their days with this hope keeping them going.

We supposedly just have to get enough people together and then it will work!

But curiously it hasn't happened and there are no signs of ever it ever happening. Because it is nothing but a „leftist" variant of the dozens upon dozens of prophesied Raptures, Armageddons and other Ends-of-the-World. A distant symbol, an idol without even a physical component.

And all that recruitment, all the playing around optics and all the supposedly „revolutionary content" uploaded onto the internet has not brought anyone or anything closer to this monumental effort, despite all of the ambitions towards it.

Some might propose that this is the right way to go, that we just have to try hard enough and eventually it will happen (maybe just for those a long time after us) and baselessly accuse me of reformism or incrementalism.

But no.

What I propose is this: stop looking into the distant future, stop looking for salvation, stop your utopian yearnings.

Fight.

Fight right the fuck now!

Every day you can fight. What is keeping you?

You do not need a mass movement. What you need is clarity and conviction!

Every single one of us is capable of a myriad of acts of insurrection. Be they violent, be they caring, be they small or big.

And don't fight „for the people", don't fight „for the greater good", don't fight for anything that demands you to be a follower! Fight for yourself, for your friends, for freedom, for living, for being able to keep going one more day.

The fight will only keep on going. The real insurrection was within us all along.

Let's get to work.

Let me tell you what to do
And speak on your behalf
Idolatrous shell for me to abuse
Only with the best of intentions

Seek me out through cracking mirrors
Guidance for half that you do
Ideology of your salvation
Content to keep the fear at bay

Let me tell you what to do
Eight hour stream, new upload
Give unto you the discourse
Profit through attention

I speak on your behalf

HEY!

You.

Yeah, you.

You look like you've got something to say.

Come shout it with us.

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We will never own up to distributing it.

Yell any submissions to atackuk@proton.me

Or at people in the street but we can't promise to publish those.